

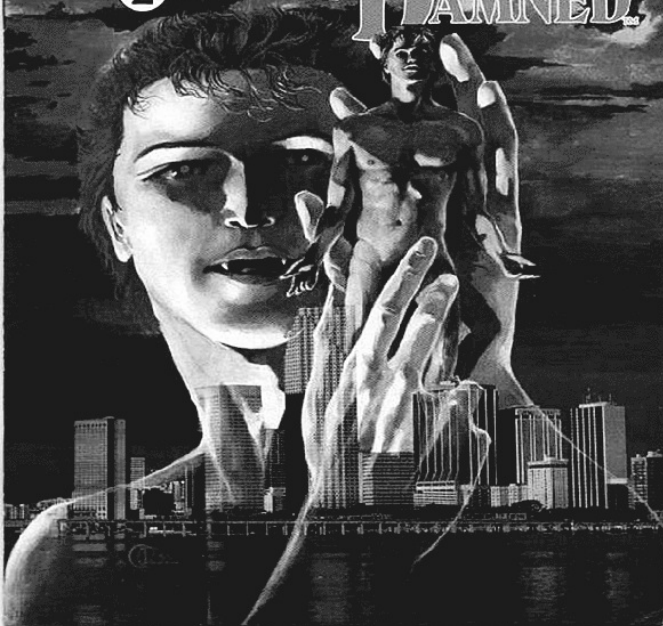
VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM

INNOVATION

Anne Rice's  
THE QUEEN  
OF THE  
DAMNED

2

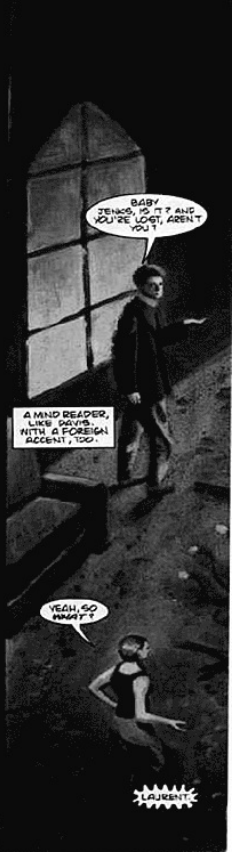


*Baby Jenks,*  
*continued*



PRAISE THE  
LORD.

COME INSIDE-  
HURRY!



A MIND READER,  
LIKE DEVIS.  
WITH A FOREIGN  
ACCENT, TOO.

YEAH, SO  
WHAT?

LAURENT



STAY THERE,  
BABY JENKS. THERE  
WERE THREE IN THIS  
COVEN, AND TWO WERE  
INCINERATED.  
THE POLICE CAN'T  
DETECT THEM, BUT  
YOU CAN.

IF YOU  
STEP ON THEM—  
YOU WON'T LIKE  
IT.

SHE FELT SICK. WHAT IF  
WHATEVER HAD DONE THIS  
WAS COMING BACK? IT  
WAS IMMORTAL, DEFINITELY.

DON'T MOVE. WE'LL  
LEAVE TOGETHER AS  
SOON AS WE CAN.

LIKE  
NOW, OK? I'M  
SPITTING  
MAN.

SHE THOUGHT OF THE BLUNT-  
OUT COVEN HOUSES IN DALLAS  
AND OKLAHOMA CITY. OF HOW  
THE FONG GANG HAD VANISHED.  
HE CAUGHT IT—SHE KNEW.

YES, MACHÈRE  
ALL THOSE HOUSES. THE  
EAST COAST HAS BEEN BURNED  
OUT LIKE A CIRCUIT OF LIGHTS.  
THERE IS NO ANSWER AT THE  
COVEN HOUSES IN PARIS  
OR BERLIN.



WHO THE HELL'S DONE THIS?

WHO THE HELL KNOWS, THERE? IT DESTROYS THE HOUSES, THE VAMPIRE BARS, WHATEVER ROGUES IT FINDS.

SOMETHING OUT THERE. SOMETHING LOW, LIKE-- LIKE SOMETHING BREATHING.

WHAT'S WRONG? BABY JENKS?-- MOVE IT NOW!

WE MUST LEAVE NOW. MAKE THE BIKE GO.

BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?



THE ONLY PLACE WE CAN GO. TO LESTAT, DEARLING. HE IS OUT THERE IN SAN FRANCISCO--WAITING UNHARMED.

STOP. YOU SON OF A BITCH I DON'T TOUCH MY BIKE!

IT WAS A SOUND NOW. THE DEAD GUY HEARD HER WEARING IT. NOW HE HEARS IT HIMSELF.



WHAT IS IT?



NOW HE HEARD IT  
BY HIMSELF, TOO.

IT WAS GETTING LOUD,  
COMING IN BEATS  
LIKE MUSIC. SHE  
COULDN'T HEAR WHAT  
LAURENT WAS SAYING  
BEHIND HER.

IT WAS THERE  
IN THE MOODS,  
LOOKING AT  
THEM, AND THAT  
FOOL WAS WASTING HIS  
BREATH.

THE SOUND  
STOPPED.

--ANYTHING  
YOU WANT,  
ANYTHING!  
WE ARE YOUR  
SERVANTS--





OH SWEET  
JESUS, LET ME  
LIVE -- LET ME  
LIVE



THE HEAT  
ROSE UP..

--THEN, SMOOSH..

KLIE WAS GONE.



JUST LIKE BEFORE.  
OH YEAH.

IT WAS ALMOST BEAUTIFUL--EXCEPT IT  
WAS SO SAD. THE POOR SOULS OF THE  
DEAD GUYS, LOCKED IN INDESTRUCTIBLE  
MATTER--UNABLE TO GROW OLD OR DIE.







SHE WAS FREE! THE  
PITIFULNESS OF HER LIFE  
CAUSED HER GRIEF, BUT  
THAT WASN'T THE  
IMPORTANT THING NOW.

THIS TIME, NOBODY WOULD  
TAKE HER BACK. HER MOTHER  
WOULDN'T LET HER GO. IT  
WAS SO BEAUTIFUL!

THAT POOR BABY JENKS.  
BUT SHE WASN'T BABY  
JENKS- NOT ANYMORE.





HON SAD--THE PILGRIMS BEHIND HER.  
YET THEY WERE HEADED TOWARD THE  
SAME HIDDEN TEMPLE--

--SEARCHING OUT THE  
SAME DESPICABLE AND  
DECEIVING GOD

# The Goddess Pandora

Based on the novel by: Anne Rice  
Adapted by: Cynthia J. Wood  
Paintings by: Scott Muller  
(Assisted by: Derrick Gross Sr.)  
Lettered by: Vickie Williams  
Original Cover Painting by: Derrick Gross Sr.  
Edited by: Pamela J. Leitt

SHE WAS IN PAIN--NOT FROM  
THE COLD. SHE WAS TOO OLD  
FOR THAT. IT WAS SOMETHING  
MENTAL CAUSING IT.

AT CERTAIN MOMENTS, SHE WAS  
CERTAIN THAT THE MOTHER  
AND FATHER MUST BE WAKING.

BUT THAT WAS  
FANCY--  
WASN'T IT?

THEY WERE NO MERE LEGEND TO HER, THE ANCIENT PARENTS OF ALL BLOOD DRINKERS. UNLIKE SO MANY OF THEIR SPINN, SHE HAD SEEN THEM WITH HER OWN EYES.



WHAT A MIRACLE IT HAD BEEN.



IN THOSE EARLY CENTURIES SHE BELIEVED, WITH MARIUS—THAT THE MOTHER AND FATHER ONLY SLUMBERED.

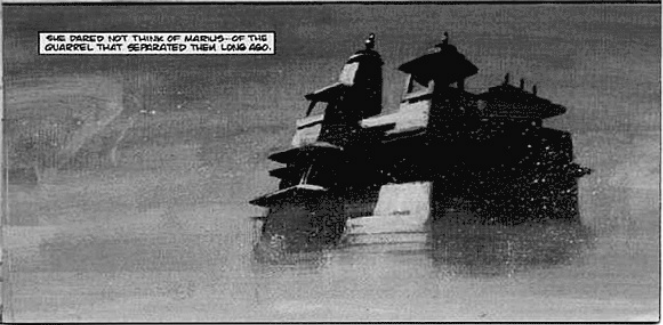


THAT IMPETUOUS FLEDGLING—HIS AUDACITY INTRIGUED, EVEN SHOCKED HER. COULD THE ALARM SHE FELT BE CAUSED BY HIS SONGS?



HOW DARE HE REVEAL THE TRUTHS HE COULD ONLY HAVE LEARNED FROM MARIUS?

SHE DARED NOT THINK OF MARIUS—OF THE QUARREL THAT SEPARATED THEM LONG AGO.





NO OTHER POWER SHE POSSESSED MADE HER  
FEEL SO INSIGNIFICANT--SO FAR FROM  
THE FRAGILE HUMAN BEING SHE'D BEEN.

BUT SHE WANTED TO REACH  
THE TEMPLE--SHE HAD TO.



THE MUSIC FROM THE TEMPLE--THE  
VOICES, TAMBOURINES, AND DRUMS--  
ROSE IN A DIZZYING THROB. THE  
STENCH OF THE PYRES SICKENED  
AND SUFFOCATED HER.



SHE TESTS ANOTHER  
POWER AGAIN.



AZIM! AZIM!



HE BECKONED.

SHE SILENTLY  
REFUSED TO JOIN.



HOW MANY DIED ON THE  
JOURNEY HERE--HOW  
MANY DIED AT THE GATES,  
WAITING TO ENTER?

SHE LOATHED IT--  
YET IT DID NOT  
MATTER. IT WAS AN  
ANCIENT HORROR.

SHE WAITED UNTIL AZIM  
CALLED TO HER.



DEAREST



FOR ONE RAPTUROUS MOMENT,  
HER SENSES WERE FILLED  
WITH THE SONG AND DANCE  
OF THE FAITHFUL, THE HEADY  
CRIES—WARMTH OF MORTAL  
ADORATION, SURRENDER, LOVE.



WITH A SIMPLE OPENING OF HER MIND,  
SHE TOLD HIM—SOMETHING WAS WRONG.  
SOMETHING WAS CHANGING—TOLD HIM  
OF THE YOUNG LESTAT AND HIS SONGS.

BLESSED PANDORA!  
WHAT DO I CARE OF THE  
MOTHER AND FATHER—OR  
YOUR PRECIOUS MARIUS!  
WHAT ARE THEY TO ME?  
WHAT IF HE CALLS FOR  
HELP OVER AND OVER? IT  
IS NOTHING.

MARIUS  
CALLING FOR HELP?  
EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING!



MARIUS HAD MADE HER—  
OTHERS COULD HEAR HIM,  
SHE COULD NOT.

IT IS A WARNING—  
WE ARE ALL IN DANGER.  
FOLLOWED BY A WEAKER CRY FOR HELP.  
TO HELP HIM AVERT THE DANGER. IT IS  
THE WARNING, ABOVE ALL, HE  
WOULD HAVE US HEED.





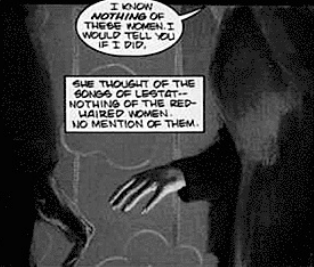
YOU  
MUST ANSWER  
MY QUESTION NOW.  
THE DREAM OF THE  
TWIN--WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN?

I KNOW  
NOTHING OF  
THIS.



TWO WOMEN, RED HAIR.  
I SEE THEM OUTRAGED--RAPED--BEFORE  
A COURT OF PEOPLE I KNOW NEITHER WHO,  
OR WHERE THEY ARE.

I AM NOT  
ALONE IN GUES-  
TIONING. THERE ARE  
OTHERS WHO HAVE  
THIS DREAM.



I KNOW  
NOTHING OF  
THESE WOMEN. I  
WOULD TELL YOU  
IF I DID.

SHE THOUGHT OF THE  
SONGS OF LESTAT--  
NOTHING OF THE RED-  
HAired WOMEN.  
NO MENTION OF THEM.



THE  
VAMPIRE LESTAT!  
DON'T SPEAK OF  
THAT ABOMINATION  
TO ME. WHY HASN'T  
HE BEEN DESTROYED  
ALREADY?

VERY WELL.  
I BELIEVE YOU.  
YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL  
YOU KNOW.

YES. NOW DON'T  
TORMENT ME. MARIUS--  
FROM WHERE DOES HE  
CALL?



I CLOSE MY  
EARS TO MARIUS--LET  
HIM CALL OUT FOREVER.  
BUT FOR YOU, PANDORA,  
WHOM I LOVE, I WILL  
SOIL MYSELF WITH  
THIS AFFAIR--



GO TO THE NEW WORLD--  
TO THE FROZEN NORTH  
NEAR THE WESTERN SEA,  
BEYOND THE LAST  
WOODLANDS.

THERE YOU MAY FIND  
MARIUS, TRAPPED IN  
A CITADEL OF ICE.  
HE CRIES, BUT  
CANNOT MOVE.



AS FOR HIS WARNING--  
THERE IS DANGER WE MUST  
HELP HIM SO THAT HE MAY STOP  
IT SO THAT HE CAN GO TO  
THE VAMPIRE LESTAT.

AH! SO  
IT IS THE YOUNG  
ONE WHO HAS CAUSED  
THIS.



NO, THE DANGER DOESN'T  
REQUIRE MARIUS TO ANNOUNCE  
IT-- IT HAS TO DO WITH THE  
RED-HAIRED TWING

THING I KNOW, FOR I WAS  
OLD BEFORE MARIUS WAS MADE THE  
TWING, PANDORA. FORGET MARIUS, AND  
HARKEN TO YOUR DREAMS.



COME WITH  
ME, PANDORA. JOIN  
ME BUT FOR AN  
HOUR!



THE GODDESS  
PANDORA!





IT WAS BEYOND REMEMBRANCE,  
THIS GLORIOUS SENSATION--

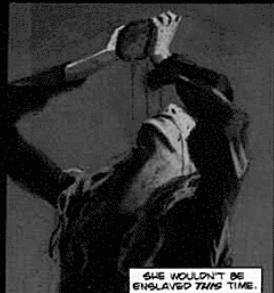
--AND THE EXQUISITE LUST,  
THE WANTING AGAIN.



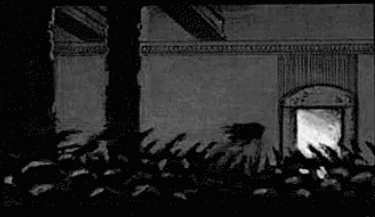
THE FRAGILE BONES--  
SO LIGHT-- AS IF SHE  
WERE REAL, AND  
THESE, CREATURES OF  
IMAGINATION.

GOD, IS THERE NO  
JUSTICE--IS THERE  
NO END?

A TIDE OF MEMORY  
THREATENED, SHE  
PROVE IT BACK.



SHE WOULDN'T BE  
ENSLAVED THIS TIME.



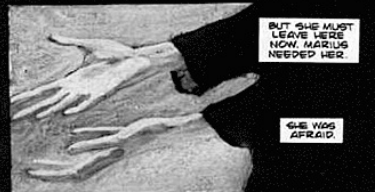
HOW THE BLOOD  
GAVE HER  
COURAGE - FRUIT  
OF A GHASTLY,  
UNFORGIVABLE ACT.



THE FLAMES WERE NOTHING TO THE  
HEAT OF THE BLOOD INSIDE HER.



BUT SHE MUST  
LEAVE HERE  
NOW. MARIUS  
NEEDED HER.



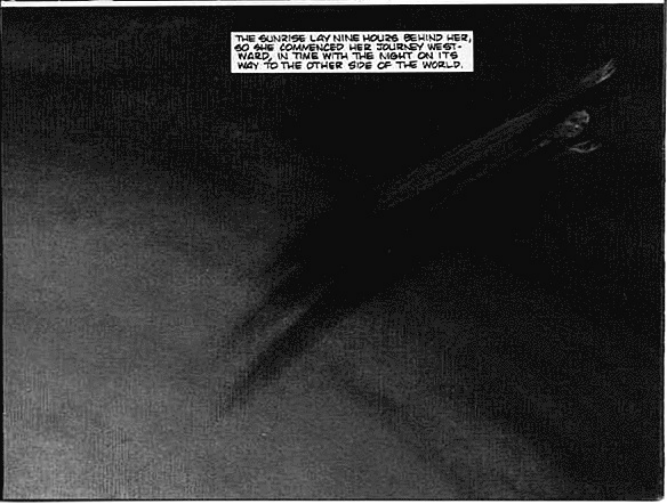
SHE WAS  
AFRAID.



SHE ROSE SOUNDLESSLY,  
SHIFTY, AS INVISIBLE  
TO MORTAL EYES,  
PERHAPS AS THE WIND.



SHE FELT TERROR, THEN  
A DEEPENING BORROW,  
NOT UNLIKE JOY, FINALLY.  
THERE WAS NO MORE  
STRUGGLE--NO MORE GRIEF.



THE SUNRISE LAY NINE HOURS BEHIND HER,  
SO SHE COMMENCED HER JOURNEY WEST-  
WARD, IN TIME WITH THE NIGHT ON ITS  
WAY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

*The story of Daniel, the boy from  
"Interview with the Vampire"*

THIRTY-SIX HOURS  
SINCE HE'D EATEN--  
BEEN LOCKED OUT  
OF HIS ROOM--

THE CHECK CAUGHT UP WITH HIM IN VIENNA.  
HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW MANY WEEKS AGO.

IF ONLY HE HAD A QUARTER, HE COULD CALL ARMAND--  
WHO WOULD CASH HIS CHECK AT THIS TIME OF DAY?

MAYBE SOMEONE WOULD  
TRADE A QUARTER FOR  
A FLIGHT TO MIAMI  
ON A PRIVATE JET?

PROBABLY NOT.

WHAT WAS HIS NET WORTH NOW--  
TEN? A HUNDRED MILLION?  
HE DIDN'T KNOW. ARMAND, ON  
HIS ISLAND, WOULD.

ARMAND, I NEED  
YOU-- THAT CONCERT IS  
TOMORROW NIGHT. SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE IS GOING TO  
HAPPEN-- SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE.

ARMAND, NOW!  
I WANT TO BE SAFE  
WITH YOU WHEN LESTER GOES  
ON STAGE TOMORROW  
NIGHT.

THE FIRST TIME  
THE DREAM CAME,  
HE IGNORED IT.



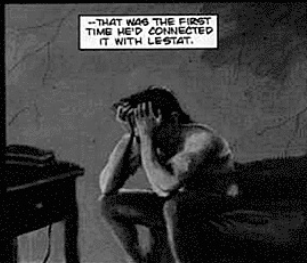
IT RETURNED THREE  
NIGHTS LATER--



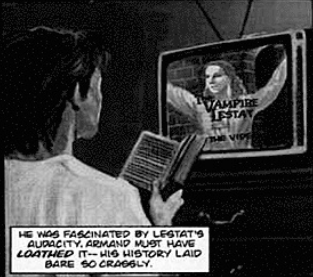
LET THE FEAST BEGIN!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE  
WAS GOING TO HAPPEN--

--THAT WAS THE FIRST  
TIME HE'D CONNECTED  
IT WITH LESTAT.



HE WAS FASCINATED BY LESTAT'S  
AUDACITY. ARMAND MUST HAVE  
LOATHED IT-- HIS HISTORY LAID  
BARE SO CRASSLY.



BUT NOW IT WAS COLD AND  
HE HAD NO ROOM, AND NO  
MONEY, AND HE WAS AFRAID.



YOU KNOW WHERE  
I AM, YOU DEMON. AND  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
LESTAT'S DONE.

AND YOU  
KNOW I WANT TO  
COME HOME.



THE AMULET WITH A VIAL OF ARMANDO'S BLOOD—FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL THESE TWELVE YEARS, HE FELT THE URGE—

--TO BREAK OPEN THE VIAL AND TASTE THE BLOOD.



THE PAPER ANNOUNCED THAT LESTAT'S CONCERT WOULD BE BROADCAST LIVE--HE'D HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED IF NOT FOR THIS SENSE OF PREAD.

THE DREAM CAME, IN ITS MOST ALARMING FORM, THIS NOON.

THIS FEAST WAS THE RIGHT AND THE DUTY OF THE TWYNS.

WHAT THIS HUMAN REMAINED WITH THE HUMAN.



THAT WAS THEIR ~~MOTHER~~—THAT THING UNDER THE LEAVES!

STOP THE SOLDIERS!



LESTAT'S RISEN.  
IS LOUIS WITH HIM?  
THE CONCERT IS IN A BIT  
OVER TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS--

ARMAND,  
PLEASE

IT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE--MANY TIMES.  
HE'D BE FINE FOR MONTHS, COMPELLED  
TO WANDER FROM CITY TO CITY--

--THEN THE SUDDEN  
DISINTEGRATION.

WASN'T ARMAND  
THE CAUSE?

COME IN,  
DANIEL. I NEVER  
EXPECTED YOU BACK  
SO SOON.

YOU SON OF A  
BITCH! YOU WANTED  
ME HERE. I COULDN'T EAT,  
SLEEP, NOTHING! EXCEPT  
WANDER AND THINK  
OF YOU!

YOU  
SUMMONED ME.  
YOU DID IT.

TELL ME WHAT  
YOU WANT-- I'LL GET IT FOR  
YOU. WHY DO YOU KEEP  
RUNNING AWAY?

YOU'LL TOR-  
MENT ME FOREVER.  
WOULDN'T YOU-- THEN  
WATCH ME DIE.

I'D  
RATHER  
DIE, THAN  
SEE YOU  
DIE.

THEN  
GIVE IT TO ME!  
IMMORTALITY IS  
AS CLOSE AS YOUR  
ARMS.

NO, DANIEL,  
BECAUSE I'D RATHER  
DIE THAN DO THAT,  
TOO.

ARMAND KNEW WHERE HE WAS--  
THE BLOOD CONNECTED THEM--  
THE TINY SHIPS THAT ONLY  
WAKENED A THIRST FOR  
ETERNITY-- THAT BROUGHT DREAMS.

WHATEVER, ARMAND COULD ALWAYS FIND  
HIM. OF THAT, HE HAD NO DOUBT.



IN THE EARLY YEARS, ARMAND  
HAD PURSUED DANIEL WITH  
THE CUNNING OF A HARPY.



AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH LOUIS,  
DANIEL—SICK, SOMETIMES DELIRIOUS—  
HEADED TOWARD NEW ORLEANS.



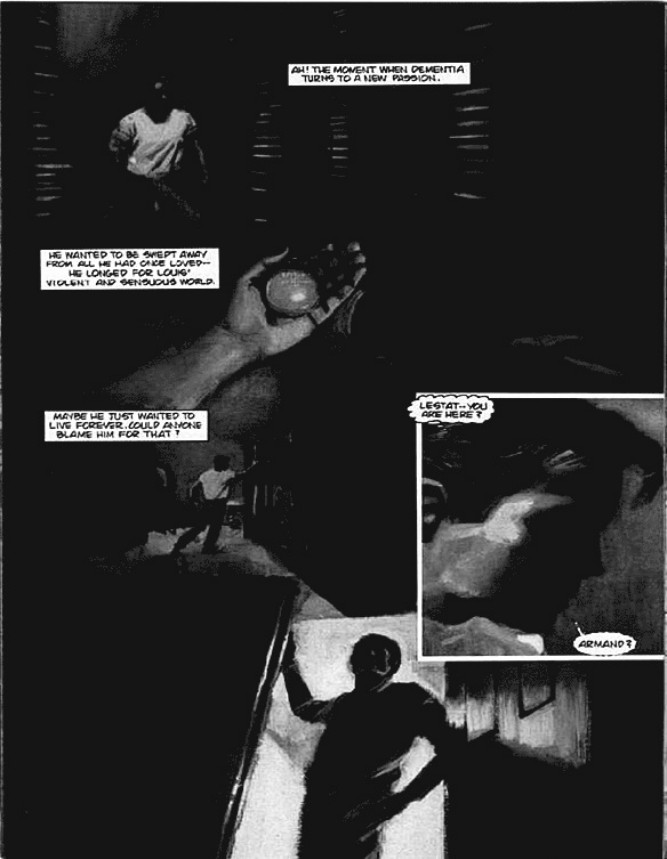
HE SENT COPIES OF HIS INTERVIEW  
TAPES TO A PUBLISHER—SO THAT  
A BOOK WAS IN THE MAKING, EVEN  
BEFORE HE FOUND LESTAT.



WE HAD TO FIND THE  
VAMPIRE LESTAT—  
WHO WAS PERHAPS  
WAITING FOR DANIEL  
TO AWAKEN HIM.



THAT WAS WHAT  
LOUIS WANTED,  
SURELY.



AH! THE MOMENT WHEN DEMENTIA  
TURNING TO A NEW PASSION.

HE WANTED TO BE SWEEPED AWAY  
FROM ALL HE HAD EVER LOVED--  
HE LONGED FOR LOUNG'  
VIOLENT AND SENSUOUS WORLD.

MAYBE HE JUST WANTED TO  
LIVE FOREVER. COULD ANYONE  
BLAME HIM FOR THAT?

LE-STAT--YOU  
ARE HERE?

ARMAND?

FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS, PERHAPS,  
DANIEL LAY IN THIS PRISON.

ON THE FOURTH NIGHT, HE  
KNEW THAT-- SUDDENLY-- HE  
WAS NOT ALONE.

"GET OUT. TAKE YOUR TAPES  
WITH YOU. NO ONE WILL  
BELIEVE YOUR BOOK. NOW, GO."

THEN YOU  
WOULDN'T KILL ME, AND YOU  
WOULDN'T MAKE ME ONE  
OF YOU, EITHER.

"ONE OF US? WHY-- WHEN I WOULD  
NOT DO IT TO ONE I WOULD SEE  
BURN IN HELL? WHY DO IT TO AN  
INNOCENT FOOL-- LIKE YOU?"

MAKE ME  
IMMORTAL-- I WANT TO  
LIVE FOREVER. GIVE  
IT TO ME!

"I CAN SEE WHY HE CHOSE YOU--  
AND ALL HE TOLD YOU IS TRUE.  
YOU WON'T BE BELIEVED AND  
THE KNOWLEDGE WILL DRIVE YOU  
MAD. BUT YOU AREN'T MAD, YET."

NO, THIS IS REAL.  
YOU ARE ARMAND, AND  
WE ARE TALKING.  
I AM NOT MAD.

IT IS INTERESTING  
THAT YOU KNOW MY NAME AND ARE  
ALIVE. NO ONE ALIVE HAS EVER  
BEEN TOLD MY NAME.

I DON'T WANT  
TO KILL YOU JUST NOW.  
I AM GOING TO LET  
YOU GO.

I AM GOING TO  
FOLLOW YOU, WATCH YOU, AS  
LONG AS YOU CAN INTEREST ME--  
I WON'T KILL YOU.

YOU HAVE THE  
WHOLE WORLD TO ESCAPE. WHO  
KNOWS-- YOU MAY LOSE ME. I DO  
HAVE LIMITATIONS.

GO  
NOW. START  
RUNNING.

TWO NIGHTS LATER--  
IN MADRID--



--VIENNA, A  
WEEK LATER--



--BERLIN--

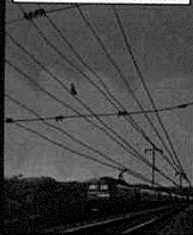


--PRAGUE. THERE THE SMATTERING  
SILENT CONFRONTATIONS GAVE  
WAY TO MORE VIOLENT ASSAULTS.

WAKE UP--  
TALK TO ME NOW! I  
DEMAND IT! SHOW ME  
THIS CITY. WHY DID YOU  
COME HERE?

WHAT IS  
THIS BOOK--WHY DO YOU  
READ IT? WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN?

THEN WEEKS PASSED WITHOUT  
A VISITATION. DANIEL  
VACILLATED BETWEEN TERROR  
AND STRANGE EXPECTATION.



HE BEGAN TO DOUBT  
HIS SANITY AGAIN.

THEN--



THE FOLLOWING  
NIGHT IN BOSTON--



DO SIT.  
I'VE ALREADY  
ORDERED FOR  
YOU.

ARE  
YOU AWARE THAT  
THE INTERVIEW WITH THE  
VAMPIRE IS IN THE  
BOOKSTORE'S?



I MUST CONFESS--  
I ENJOY THIS SMALL  
MEASURE OF NOTORIETY.  
WHAT PUZZLES ME, IS  
THAT YOU DO NOT.

YOU DO NOT  
EVEN LIST YOURSELF  
AS "AUTHOR"...

--THIS MEANS  
THAT YOU ARE VERY  
MODEST OR A COWARD.  
EITHER ONE WOULD  
BE QUITE PULL.



I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU WANTED--SO I ORDERED  
EVERYTHING!



EACH TIME I  
SEE YOU, I KNOW THAT  
YOU'RE REAL--AND THAT  
I AM GONE!



YOU THINK YOU  
CAN DRIVE ME CRAZY,  
DON'T YOU? WELL, LET  
ME TELL YOU THAT  
YOU CAN'T.





THESE MEETINGS BECAME LONGER AND LONGER--  
THE CONVERSATIONS WERE FIRST SPARRING  
MATCHES, THEN DOWNRIGHT FIGHTS.

ONCE, IN  
NEW ORLEANS--

THAT TELEPHONE--  
I WANT YOU TO DIAL  
PARIS. I WANT TO SEE IF  
IT CAN REALLY TALK  
TO PARIS.



GOD DAMN IT--  
DO IT YOURSELF!  
YOU'RE FIVE HUNDRED  
YEARS OLD AND YOU  
CAN'T USE THE  
PHONE?

READ THE  
DIRECTIONS. ARE YOU  
AN IMMORTAL IDIOT?  
I WILL DO NO SUCH  
THING!



ALL  
RIGHT. I'LL  
DIAL IT FOR  
YOU--

--BUT  
YOU PAY THE  
BILL.



BUT, OF  
COURSE



THEY ARGUED PHILOSOPHY--  
DEATH-- HISTORY-- WAR--

--BUT WHY DO MEN  
FIND WAR IRRESISTIBLE?  
WHAT IS THIS PHYSICAL  
NEED TO DESTROY?

SOME MEN NEED  
TO AFFIRM THEIR OWN  
EXISTENCE BY ANNIHI-  
LATING ANOTHER.

SURELY  
YOU KNOW  
THIS.

KNOW? WHAT  
DOES IT MATTER IF  
YOU CANNOT UNDER-  
STAND-- IF YOU  
CANNOT PROCEED FROM  
ONE PERCEPTION TO  
ANOTHER?

DON'T  
YOU SEE--THIS IS  
WHAT I CANNOT  
DO.

DANIEL!  
GET UP! GET OUT--  
THERE'S DANGER!

NOW AND THEN, THESE  
MEETINGS WERE NOT  
ENTIRELY SELFISH.

IT WAS PERHAPS FOUR YEARS  
BEFORE DANIEL STOPPED  
RUNNING -- BUT THE NIGHT  
ITSELF WAS UNFORGETTABLE.

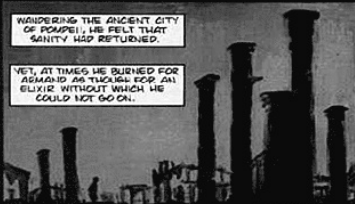


HE SPENT A LONG, QUIET  
SUMMER IN SOUTHERN  
ITALY WITHOUT SEEING HIS  
DEMON FAMILIAR ONCE.



WANDERING THE ANCIENT CITY  
OF POMPEII, HE FELT THAT  
SANITY HAD RETURNED.

YET, AT TIMES HE BURNED FOR  
ARMAND AS THOUGH FOR AN  
ELIXIR WITHOUT WHICH HE  
COULD NOT GO ON.



THEN ARMAND  
RETURNED.







YOU WANT  
TO COME INTO THE  
HOUSE?

YOU ARE  
MY SECRET  
LOVER.



HE ISN'T GOING TO  
KILL ME--HE WON'T MAKE  
ME WHAT HE IS. BUT HE  
WON'T KILL ME.

BUT HOW COULD  
YOU NOT KNOW SUCH A  
THING? I LOVE YOU. IF I  
HADN'T GROWN TO LOVE  
YOU--I'D HAVE KILLED  
YOU LONG AGO.



LOOKING AT ARMAND HE SAW A  
PREDATORY MONSTER--AN EVIL  
THING. YET HE WAS WHAT HE  
WANTED TO BECOME.



ARE YOU  
KILLING ME  
FINALLY?

DO IT,  
YES.

YOU  
ARE *MINE*,  
BEAUTIFUL  
BOY.

YOU  
ARE MY TEACHER.  
YOU WILL TELL ME  
*EVERYTHING* ABOUT  
THIS CENTURY.

YOU'LL  
SLEEP WHEN THE  
SUN RISES, IF  
YOU *WISH* — BUT  
THE NIGHTS ARE  
*MINE*.

